Blinding Darkness

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Blinding Darkness

by HowliteandRoses

Summary

There is a castle hiding in the mountains of the eastern city where the prisoners looses their names and wait to be either killed or chosen. The chosen go on to become an assistant to one of the brave families that wins the annual tournament.
This is the story of 5927 a young curly haired man who will give everything to save his people from their terrible fate.

The Prison

Chapter Notes

Hi!
Alright so this is a new project I'm working on since a little bit. Part 1 is already done and just need to be looked through and I already started part 2. During part 1, Will is more uncertain and changes his mind often. He also doesn't know who to trust which I feel would be normal in his situation. In Part 2, he really become who he is meant to be with Hannibal's help of course!
I hope you will enjoy this idea of mine and please keep in mind that English is not my first language and there may be mistakes.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The horses were slowing down as they reached the massive castle's front gates. One of the young people sitting at the back of the wagon looked back at the stone bridge they had just crossed and sighed. Both ends were guarded making it impossible to cross again without being noticed. Of course, the bridge was there for a reason and going underneath was just not an option if you wanted to come out of it alive. It was strategically placed. Everything was strategically placed and built around here. The location was even thought through. It wasn't like the villages and towns of the area which seemed to be places just about anywhere. This castle high in the mountains and surrounded by miles of freezing waters was probably the only place the people actually gave a thought about anyway. Some people even called it hell but most only knew it as the prison. Most people only looked at it from afar with disgust towards those inside of it. The prisoners looked at it with eyes full of despair. If you were sent there you would most certainly either die trying to escape or simply get killed. The young man shook his head slightly. Swimming wasn't an option as well. He would have to be chosen. And that, everyone knew, was even worse than dying.

The wagons entered one at the time within the castle walls and stopped once the gates were closed behind them. Guards started stepping off the horses and walked to the back where they started letting the prisoners out. Some always tried to run but were quickly stopped. It seemed almost logical to make them kill you right away. You wouldn't have to suffer. Soon, the prisoners were standing in line and waiting to be given their new identity. Their given names would be forgotten and replaced by numbers. If one spoke the name of another prisoner, one would be executed on the spot. From now on, the prisoners were not people anymore. Humanity had left them once they had crossed the death bridge.

The young man didn't pay attention to the guards in front, he observed everything else looking for a way to escape. His mind was different, it didn't work like everyone else's. He could see the cracks and make his way through them. He just needed one opening.

"5927" a guard said firmly right in his face.

It made him look up however he knew not to look the guard in the eyes. He repeated his number to show he understood then went back to observing.

The prisoners were then escorted to their new cells and thrown a piece of bread before being left alone. 5927 sat down in a corner and closed his eyes. He retraced the layout of the castle and tried to find anything that could help him. But when he opened his eyes again, they were wet with unshed tears. There wasn't any openings… He was stuck here like everyone else. His life was officially over. He really would have to be chosen.

Every year the city would host a competition. A tournament of sorts. From what he had heard, one person per family were sent to the city where various skills were tested and those who did not met the requirements were shamefully sent home. The remaining four were showed with praise of their accomplishment and encouraged to return the following years. However, there could only be one winner. The winner of the annual tournament was granted a visit to the prison where they could, if they wanted, chose a prisoner to bring home and make their *assistant*. Which everyone knew was only a fancy word for a slave. Why did it happen every year? Well, most *assistants* didn't last the full year so the winner could simply try to win another one the next year. Quite simple honestly.

The life of a prisoner was easy on paper. Wake up in the morning and do your morning tasks. If achieved, you would get a piece of bread and a glass of dirty water. Afterward you would return to your cell and pass the time doing what you wanted. Some would talk to other prisoners, some would try to plan their escape, some would sit in a corner and let time pass. Rinse and repeat three times a day. 5927 knew about the routine and was ready for it or so he thought. He knew that you were not allowed to ask for anything or talk to the guards. During the night someone was watching the cells and if a noise could be heard the guilty prisoner would suffer the consequences. One prisoner asked if she could have a little bit more water so she could wash her face one day. She didn't know any better and probably was the first in the family to be sent to the prison. She had no way of knowing and 5927 had felt bad for her. She was so young. The guards took her away and she was never seen again. The young man didn't talk to anyone. He didn't want to make friends because he knew they would leave. It hurt less if he didn't know them personally. Most of them would be dead by the time the winner of the competition came if they came at all. 5927 thought to ask a few things a couple of times just to end it already but he always remembered the reason why he was fighting and stopped himself.

His grandparents had stayed in the prison before him. They had become poor and didn't have the money to pay the city, so they were all sent to the prison. 5927's mom and dad had bargained with the city. If you chose to send a family member to the prison, they would pay you. They talked and 5927's mom was sent. His mom had been chosen three years after and with the last of her strength had ran away from her owner's house to find 5927 and tell him everything she knew about the prison. It was when 5927 had turn 23 that his dad had passed away and he had been forced to live on the streets. It took two months for the guards to find him and sent him to the prison.

He wouldn't let his family down. He would be chosen and would run like his mom did, but he would survive and find the other people like him. He would explain what happened in the

prison and would start preparing everyone. He wouldn't let any more of his people die a useless death because the rich folks of the city wanted to get entertained.

At the end of the year, he heard the fireworks go off. They had declared a winner. Two days after, the guards were pushing prisoners out of their cells and into the arena for the showing. 5927 could barely remember what he looked like. He knew his curly hair had grown down to his shoulder, his stubble had turned into a beard and he had a feeling that it probably would not be one of his best features, but he knew from past comments that his ocean blue eyes were very pretty and that his smaller frame was very appealing to some people. He had made sure to stay fit during his time in the prison just to make sure. He tried to remember the families that usually participated in the competition and tried to think of which one would win. He knew the Verger family was pretty famous but also was the Dolarhyde family. They had win a few times already. 5927 didn't really care as long as he could get out and go back to his village, he would be good.

The thought of the winner being someone not from the area never even crossed his mind.

5927 looked up at the man standing next to the guards and frowned. He didn't look like anyone he knew. He looked like one of the family from the north. They called the northerners mercenaries. They were killers who ruled the northern side. They weren't allowed in the competition so why did this man look exactly like a member of that one family? What was their name again? 5927 started to back up. He couldn't be chosen. He couldn't go up north that was a death sentence. What was their bloody name? Why couldn't he remember? He watched as the man look through the crowd standing in line and 5927 felt as if a spotlight was shining on him. He suddenly noticed how different he was from everyone else. He looked far better than the others, he looked almost healthy. He looked strong. He started shaking.

"This year's chosen will now be announced please listen carefully and step forward when you are called," a guard said. "Now may the Lecter family speak and announce who will be leaving today."

Lecter! That was their name. A moment passed and suddenly the arena had frozen in time. The families from the north were not *allowed* in the competition! 5927 slowly backed away a few steps again and made himself small. He couldn't be chosen. He couldn't be-

"5927" the number bounced from wall to wall. The sound was deafening.

The young man let out a shaky breath as tears quickly fell down his face. His number was repeated by the man with an imposing voice and for the first time the number terrified him. His legs walked on their own and he stepped forward. The guards started clapping and it hurt his ears. Some prisoners started clapping as well and 5927 found himself wanting to turn around and scream. Why were these idiots cheering? He would be dead in a matter of days. Everything he had done was for nothing. He would never be able to warn the others. The prisoners would still continue to die one after the other. His friends would be brought to the prison without any knowledge of it… They would all die because of him.

They brought him up to his new owner quickly after and locked him up in a wagon. 5927 didn't even try to have a good look at the man as he was leaving. He lowered his head and let

the tears fall freely until they were making their way up north.

Chapter End Notes

I swear that it hurts me to hurt Will but I can't stop doing it... Ah well, at least comfort is on the way, it just has to pass through a lot of hurt before. See you soon for chapter 2 : The Welcoming Ceremony!
Thank you for reading!

The Welcoming Ceremony

Chapter Summary

5927 arrives up north and gets a taste of how the northern city works.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

5927 had been led to believe that the northern area would be cold and void of life. Needless to say, he had not anticipated animals he had never seen before running around freely. He watched some sort of deer running pass them and caught himself showing the faintest of smiles. He shook his head slightly before turning back to look at the walls of the wagon. He felt it move with the horses' speed and started staring at his tied hands. He had checked before and with a sigh had realized he couldn't get out of them. His faith was now in the hands of this new owner of his.

The horses reached the city at mid-day and Mr. Lecter stepped down his seat to retrieve his new assistant in the back. 5927 took the time to examine him. He was older that was certain, but probably by no more than 10 years. His ash brown hair wasn't that long but a few strands fell just above his left eye. Said eyes were dark and showed little to no emotions. 5927 had hoped the man would be readable enough that he could predict what he was meant to be doing, but now this would be even harder. He was also wearing city people clothes. 5927 couldn't even begin to imagine the cost of such clothing. He suddenly felt very self-conscious about his prisoner clothes.

"Hello, you can come out," he said. His voice sounded almost forced. Not uncertain, but as if someone else had told him to say that. 5927 frowned as he stepped out slowly and kept his head down.

"Quite a find, Doctor," a new voice made itself known.

"This one will be a fine addition to the household," Lecter replied. Again, his voice was strange.

"What's your number?" the other asked.

5927 froze. Should he answer this man? His mom had told him about talking to people without approval of the owner. It ended in a beating you would feel for a week. He looked up at Lecter.

"You may speak."

"5927," he said weakly as he looked back down.

“Good manners as well, hope this one last.”

Lecter’s lip twitched for a fraction of a second. “He’ll be taken care of.”

“He? Doctor please, that’s not a he. It lost the right for that long ago.”

“Right, excuse my mistake Frederick,” Lecter said with a strained voice. He didn’t seem happy. 5927 couldn’t see the problem, the other man, Frederick, was right after all.

“Well, anyway I better get going. Wouldn’t want to keep them waiting. I’ll get everything ready for the show,” Frederick said as if he was blind to the change in the air. Did he really not felt it?

Lecter exhaled as he looked back to 5927. He bent down slightly so he would talk directly in his ear.

“I’m quite sorry about that. However, it will happen again. You did very well,” the man whispered, and it sent a shiver down 5927’s back. His voice was different now. “Now, let’s get going as well. The sooner we get this done the better it’ll be,” he almost sounded... sad.

5927 only nodded before following. He felt the man place a hand on his back as they walked, and it should have felt aggressive. It should have been some sort of ownership display or even feel possessive in a way, but it didn’t. It felt almost… protective. 5927 was just getting more confused by the minute. He walked next to Lecter until he saw a stage in the middle of the town with hundreds of people standing in front of it waiting. Frederick had talked about a show… What was the show?

“Follow.”

He did, scared of the consequences of not following orders. They reached the back of the stage where Frederick was standing proudly. He walked to them with a toothy grin.

“People are waiting, Doctor Lecter. Let’s show this one to the world.”

5927’s eyes widened as the man got closer to him. He was the show. Frederick started pulling at his clothes and 5927 panicked. His breathing quickened and he shook his head in terror. What were they going to do to him?

“I’ll do it. Go make sure everything is ready,” Lecter said firmly.

“Fine.”

5927 just wanted to curl into a ball. These people were sick.

“I do not agree with this,” Lecter said once Frederick was gone.

“S-sorry,” 5927 replied softly.

“No, don’t be sorry. You have done nothing wrong. I meant I don’t agree with this humiliating parade they do,” Lecter whispered. “What’s your name?”

“5927.”

“No, your old name. Do you remember it?”

His eyes filled with tears as he nodded. He felt a piece of fabric on his cheek and looked up slightly to see the older man try to dry his tears.

“It’ll all be over soon,” he said as he placed the palm of his hand against 5927’s cheek and softly caressed his skin.

Those words should have scared him, but the way Lecter said it was soft and felt like a promise. Not a promise that he would get hurt, but a promise that he would stop hurting. For a moment, he even felt safe.

“My name’s Will…” he whispered as his body shook.

“Will,” Lecter replied almost testing the name. “Good. Now Will, you need to undress and Frederick over there will begin the ceremony. I won’t let it go on for long. I will play the possessive owner and I apologize in advance if I hurt you, but this need to be done and I need to be convincing. Is that alright with you?”

Will was speechless as he looked up. He could only nod and slowly began taking his clothes off. Fresh tears fell down as he followed Lecter. He was placed on the stage completely naked while the people watched him. He saw Lecter stand tall and proud and tried his best to do the same.

“Now, will you do the honors?” Frederick asked as he brought some sort of stick at the front of the stage. Will turned his head slightly to look at it and his heart started racing. That was not just a stick. It was a metal rod, and it was red with heat.

He watched Lecter as he took hold of the rod.

“This was not part of the show,” Will heard him mumble under his breath.

“This one is a keeper; it needs to be branded. We can’t let it be stolen.”

“Frederick…”

“Brand it!” the crowd started shouting and suddenly Will wasn’t standing tall and proud anymore.

Lecter walked to him and with a firm voice demanded he knelt down. Will did as told. Lecter grabbed him by his hair and turned him on his side. Will tried to brace himself, but nothing could have prepared him for the pain that followed. The burning metal only touched his skin and all he could do was scream.

Chapter End Notes

Sorry Will.

Not Just a Number

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Will's breathing changed slightly as his eyes fluttered open slowly. The first thing he noticed was the warmth. He opened his eyes wider and noticed that he was also laying down on the softest bed he had ever felt. He nuzzled his face into the warm blankets and reached to pull them tighter around his body. At least that's what he wanted to do. The moment he tried to move his arm he felt a sharp pain on his side that made him freeze. He clenched his teeth and tried not to scream as he tried his best to return to a comfortable position.

The past events came rushing into his mind and he found himself not being able to hold in the tears. Painfully, he managed to sit up and pushed away the blankets. He was dressed again minus his shirt, but his socks were missing too.

"Please try not to move too much," a now familiar voice said from the door.

Will's first instinct was to throw himself off the bed and back up in a corner. His burnt side hit against the cold floor, and he bit his lip to stop the scream that desperately wanted to come out. He looked up at Lecter for a second before realizing what he had just done. Lecter had told him not to move. He had went against direct orders. He shook his head and tried to stop his tears, but it was too much. Everything was just too much. Will leaned his whole body forward until his arms were completely on the ground. He held his fist next to his head as it laid on the cold floor and closed his eyes tightly.

"I will listen better next time… I'll do what you ask… Pl-please…"

Will felt a hand on his shoulder blade.

"You've done nothing wrong, Will," Lecter whispered. "I was going to dress your wound before you woke up. Please allow me, I can't let it get infected."

"Whatever you want… master…" his mother had told him once that it pleased the owners when their slave said that word and he would do anything not to get hurt again.

"Oh no, you are not calling me that. My name is Hannibal Lecter. When we are alone you can simply call me by my name, when there are other people around sir or doctor will suffice."

Will nodded slowly.

"Do you want to go back to the bed, you will be way more comfortable over there."

Again, Will nodded. Hannibal moved to help him get up and Will allowed it, he let himself be lifted and brought to the bed where he was laid on his good side. He saw the older man retrieve a box from the closet and closed his eyes. He brazed himself but was surprised by the

lack of pain he felt. The doctor was gentle as he explained everything he did. He applied a bandage to the wound and helped Will lay on his back once he was done.

“I did not expect them to ask such a thing,” Hannibal said after a while. He was slowly caressing the top of the bandage and the skin around it and Will wondered if he was even aware of it. “I want you to know that now that you have my initials on you, they are not allowed to ask anything like that ever again. I decide what you will go through now and I promise you will never go through something like that ever again. I will take care of you now.”

Will nodded slowly but he didn’t want to listen. He was just waiting for the next painful experience because he knew they were coming. But thinking back on the ceremony, Hannibal hadn’t known about the branding and Will, for some reason he couldn’t understand, trusted him. The doctor had been nothing but kind to him when he was given the choice and had even chose to call him by his actual name. Will’s heart wanted to trust him. It wanted to feel safe. But his mind kept telling him to be careful and not to trust anyone. He sighed as he closed his eyes again. The caress on his side suddenly stopped and Hannibal walked back to the door.

“I have someone trustworthy watching the door. You can get some sleep and in the meantime, I’ll be making diner. If you need anything just call out.”

Will gave a nod before sinking back into the blankets. He managed to fall asleep a few minutes later but images of Hannibal returning to him with the metal rod infested his mind. In his dream he had tried to run but was quickly caught and tied down. He recognized Frederick and curled himself into a ball as he saw Hannibal and Frederick walk towards him. They started kicking him and telling him how useless he was. Will was then left on the ground bleeding and broken. When he woke, he tried to forget the pain as he curled up and tried to get his breathing under control.

Just like he had said, Hannibal came knocking at his door a few hours later and walked to the bed with a tray of food. He placed it on the side table before helping Will sit up and then took the tray to put it on Will’s legs.

“I forgot to ask what you liked to eat so here you go. You can chose what you like,” he explained before leaving the room and returning quickly after with his own tray. “I am having some wine, but you get water for the time being while you are healing.”

Will nodded as he looked down at the three plates in front of him. It smelled delicious and Will took a moment to close his eyes and take in a big breath. He picked up a fork and took a piece of the first dish. He’d always like fish and the familiar taste almost brought tears in his eyes. It had been so long since he had had a good meal, and this was even beyond that. He couldn’t describe how good it was. Finishing his bite, he then tried a piece of the other kind of meat from the other plates and was equally surprised.

“You’re in no rush, Will. You can take all the time you need,” Hannibal replied softly after a moment.

“It’s so good… thank you,” Will whispered.

“I’m glad you like it.”

They ate in silence until Will had almost cleaned all three plates of food. With a smile Hannibal took the trays to the door where someone took them before returning to the bed. He sat back in his chair next to the bed and gave Will a warm smile. The younger man finally decided to look up at him for a moment and tried his best to read him. His eyes showed some sort of curiosity, but they were warm and almost kind. Nothing like how they were when he had been talking to Frederick. Will couldn’t help but wonder if that look was only for him.

“What will I be doing?” he dared asked.

“What do you know about my people? Or the northern area in general?” Hannibal answered with a question.

Will looked down at his hands and started fidgeting with his fingers as he answered. “Cold, unforgiving. Your people are not allowed in the competition normally. They used to be but started killing off whoever they brought home. Some people told stories, said you… killed and ate other people just because you could…” Will’s voice was slowly breaking as he remembers his parents’ words about those people. He took a shaky breath. “Your people are monsters,” he whispered before stopping himself. His eyes widened as he realized what he had just said. He shouldn’t have said that. Will started shaking.

“I can’t said what you’ve heard is false, but we are not all unforgiving monsters. I know it’ll be hard for you to trust me, but I hope it will come someday. Did you want to ask me anything?”

Will thought of his previous question. If he knew what they wanted him to be it would definitely be easier, but another question came out of his lips before he realized.

“Why did you… how did you get into the competition?” he asked.

“My uncle is a man of many talents and negotiating is one of them. We offered your city something in return and they accepted without much trouble. As of why,” he said with a pause, “It had been quite a while since someone from here won, so I went, won, and they offered me to take a look at the prisoners, so I did.”

“It’s not *my* city…” Will mumbled with a wince.

“That’s good to know.”

The statement took Will off guard for a moment. Hannibal didn’t like the city? It was because of it that he had won Will and all the others before him so why didn’t he like it? It didn’t make much sense to him. All the rich folks loved the city normally.

“Why me?” Will found himself asking after a moment.

“You were different. You had and still have a certain glow in your eyes. A certain determination. It was obvious that you were prepared for the day the winner would cross the death bridge to come retrieve their prize. But when you saw me, I could see the recognition in

your eyes. I saw fear and I… I felt protective of you. You are destined for so much more than to be a slave to some undeserving family. I felt I needed to take you away from that place."

"Is that why you are calling me by my name?"

"You are a person just like the rest of us. I want you as my equal not below me. You are more than just a number, Will."

"You branded me…"

"And I can't apologize enough."

Will sighed as he moved slightly to try and get comfortable. He decided to simply lay down again on his side so he could still look at Hannibal. The older man pulled the blankets over his shoulders and smoothed them with his hand. His hand stayed on Will's shoulder above the blankets as he gave a long sigh.

"It won't be easy for you, but I will do my best to protect you from them until you are ready to fight for yourself," he explained, and Will frowned. Fight for himself? "My people are cruel and will try to bring you down. You'll have to follow me around so I can make sure none of them get to you. You have a very keen eye for those things since you were already doing it with Frederick, but that kind of submission is what my people are expecting from you. I'll be close by to make sure it doesn't get too much but I want you to know that no one can know that you are given freedom within those walls."

Will narrowed his eyes as he took in the new information. Why would he be given freedom? That just didn't make sense. Why win the competition if not to gain a slave out of it? Why even bother then?

A loud noise made Will sink down into the blankets and made Hannibal rub his shoulder slightly quicker to comfort him before taking his hand off. Will suddenly missed the soft touched. He made a noise at the lost and Hannibal looked at him. Will noticed a slight surprised look in his eyes that left a millisecond later.

"I'll be back, Will. I just need to take care of this," Hannibal said before placing the palm of his hand on Will's cheek for a short moment.

He then left and Will was left with his thoughts. He found himself looking forward to when Hannibal would be back, and his heart started beating faster. He shouldn't trust the doctor, but he desperately wanted to. Pulling the blankets tighter around him he closed his eyes again hoping to get a bit more sleep.

Chapter End Notes

I always like making Hannibal be gentle with Will. Makes me feel good.

The First Attack

Hannibal walked down the stairs and reached the door in an instant. He looked quickly at the window and saw people running back inside their houses.

“What happened?” Chiyoh, his most trustworthy friend, asked as she walked down the stairs as well.

“I am not certain,” Hannibal answered as he mentally prepared himself for what he would find outside the house. “Keep guard of Will’s room’s door, I’ll be back shortly.”

“What should I tell him if he wakes and ask questions?”

“That I’ll be back shortly,” Hannibal said before leaving and closing the door behind him.

He caught up to one of the city folks, and stopped the old woman in her tracks.

“Excuse me,” he said, “can you tell me what has happened? Why did they ring the alarm?”

“It’s *them*…” she whispered weakly. “Go hide.”

Hannibal frown. *Them*. She was definitely talking about the tribes from the west. They were a small group of nomads that went from city to city to destroy and pillage the land before leaving with their loot and sometimes they even took hostages. For the Northerners able to fight, they were only an inconvenience and Hannibal sighed. He would probably need to fight this time as he heard the alarm again. His house was a bit far away from the city entrance and he made his way to it slowly as he observed the streets. He stopped at the stable to jump on one of the horses and went on to the city gates.

There was a group of five people already inside the city parameters and from what Hannibal could see, they looked unarmed. Stepping off the horse he proceeded to stay in the shadows until he could get a better view. He saw a few people rushing to them with knives and rolled his eyes. Bunch of idiots. Two of the intruders were killed but the three idiots that had rushed in had also met their end. Hannibal looked around to see if any more had made their way in and noticed that they were being held off pretty well. Archers were on top of the towers making sure no more crossed. He only had three to deal with. It wouldn’t be a problem. Picking up a rock next to him he threw it close by and made them turn as they investigated the noise. They then went their separate ways. *Fantastic*. Hannibal followed one silently and when he got close enough came up from behind and with a quick movement broke their neck. He then moved to the next. This one was hit on the back of the head with a metal pipe laying on the ground left by one of the Northerners. The third one wasn’t as simple since they turned when Hannibal came close and launched at him. The two fought and drew blood but Hannibal managed to get the upper hand as he pushed the intruder on the ground. He grabbed the intruder’s hair and slammed their head against the ground a couple of times. When they had stopped moving, he let their hair go and went to the towers entrance. One of the women on top gave him a thumbs up and a wave. Signaling him that the intruders had been dealt with. Easy enough. Hannibal went back to the first body and examined it for a second before

lifting the body on his shoulder and bringing it back with his horse. He could make a good few meals with this one. Happy with his trophy, he returned home after going to the butcher to dispose of the body. His butcher knew him well and would have the cuts ready when he would be back to collect. Will had eaten the salmon dish he had made for him first but had quickly devoured the second meal which had been the meat of his latest victim. He wondered if Will had tasted the difference between the long pig and the caribou meat he had been offered.

XxX

A week later

Will was getting slightly better, and Hannibal was happy with how the wound was healing. It wouldn't be that much of an ugly burn mark and would probably fade slightly with time. The young man also seemed to be getting slightly more comfortable. At least around Hannibal.

"How about we go for a walk?" Hannibal asked after the two of them had finished their meal.

Will finished the last bite of his food and nodded in agreement. He stood to go wash his plate and came back quickly after.

"Ready?"

"Sure. What will I need to do?" he asked.

"Stay close to me, don't look anyone in the eye or speak to anyone and you will be fine. I will take care of the rest," Hannibal answered. "You don't have to worry; I'll make sure you don't get hurt."

The two went out and made their way towards the city center. Hannibal watched with a small smile as Will admired the buildings or even looked at the children running around freely. Will couldn't help but see the peaceful life of those monsters. It was captivating to watch. He looked at Hannibal with a questioning look after a while. Something was missing and Will mentally scold himself for not noticing sooner. Everyone here was dress well and looked relatively healthy. He couldn't see anyone asking for food or sleeping on the street corners. In the Eastern city the poor were sent to the prison to make sure they weren't seen since they were useless to the city so where did the Northerners sent their poor?

"You may ask your question," Hannibal said firmly. His tone was different since they had left the house. He had assured Will that it was only an image he had to put up when they were in public, but it was still unnerving to see.

"Where do you send the homeless?" Will asked in a whisper.

"Nowhere. There is no one without a home here," Hannibal explained. "Everyone when they reach maturity will be given a job within the city and they will start working. If they are unable to work that specific job the city will give them something they can do in order to earn enough to live."

Will nodded slowly as he frowned. That seemed oddly logical and good. Not something he thought those monsters would do.

“What did you think?” Hannibal asked.

“The city sends the poor to the castle when they find them…”

“Is that how you got there?”

Will nodded.

“Was your family taken with you?”

Will shook his head then stopped for a moment before shaking his head again. He closed his eyes tightly for a second before letting a breath out and continuing walking. Hannibal mentality made a note to question him on this later. The walk was peaceful. It had become dark outside when the two had seen everything they wanted to see. Will caught himself smiling a couple of times and the third time he couldn’t be bothered to stop it. He didn’t notice Hannibal staring at him as he did so.

They went back to Will’s room and Will sat on top of his blankets as Hannibal took the chair.

“People call you doctor but I haven’t seen you go to work since I got here…” Will said as he sat down cross legged.

Hannibal smiled. “The hospital has given me two weeks to teach you the rules as they say. I will be returning next week. There are a few doctors in the city so they could manage without me for a while,” he explained.

Will nodded. “When you go back will I join you?”

“If you want to, yes.”

“If I want to?”

“Of course. I’ll find something for you to do while I work to pass the time if you do not want to follow me, but feel free to follow as well if you want. I’m guessing you haven’t worked before.”

Will tensed slightly before sighing and nodding.

“Don’t worry. There is plenty of things you can do at the hospital or here as well. What ever you decide to do I’ll see that you are paid.”

At that Will raised his head in surprise. “Paid?”

“Of course, but it’ll have to stay between you and me.” Hannibal simply replied. “Can I ask you something?”

Will nodded slowly suddenly worried about what the question would be.

“What happened to your family?” Hannibal asked. “What is their name?”

With a sigh Will looked down at his hands. He fidgeted a few seconds before closing his eyes.

“When I was really young my mother was taken to the castle. She was chosen a few years later but died not so long after. They were beating her and making her do unimaginable things. She managed to run away to tell me everything she knew about the prison, but she died soon after. My dad died a couple of years after, and I stayed hidden. I was found and sent to the prison where I was sure I would be able to escape.”

“But you couldn’t.”

“I couldn’t… the only way out is to be chosen. And everyone knows that being chosen is a death sentence even more so than the prison itself.”

“You kept your body healthy during your time in the prison. Why?”

“So, I would last longer…” Will said turning his head as he opened his eyes and looked away.

“You’re lying.”

The younger man lowered his head. He had started to have a little bit of trust for the older man and knew he wouldn’t be hurt for his lie, but he couldn’t bring himself to tell him the real reason behind his actions. His plan had drastically change since he had been brought up north, but he couldn’t talk about it with his owner. Hannibal was kind with him, but Will couldn’t figure out what would be his reaction if he told him about his want to escape.

“That’s alright I won’t push you,” Hannibal said.

Will nodded and thanked him before curling in on himself again. He knew he was still walking on eggshells, and he needed to be careful but Hannibal respecting him enough to stop pushing when Will didn’t want to talk brought a good feeling and Will was grateful for it.

The Council

The next week

Will backed up a few feet and crossed his arms as he stared at his work. In the north the winter had been rough, and the snow had been violent this year. Around Hannibal's house the fencing had been broken and Will had just finish rebuilding it. It had taken almost all week and Will was quite proud of himself. He couldn't wait to show Hannibal when the doctor would be back from work. His work finished he decided to go back inside and walk to the room he had started to spend a lot of his time in. The office in Hannibal's house was giant. There were shelves upon shelves full of books all around the walls and the most comfortable chair Will had ever sat in. He browsed a little bit before choosing a book and sitting down to read. He was transported to another world when he read. In this world he had been living this way since he was a child. It was as if he had been born to let his mind wander into the adventures of these books. Hours could pass and he wouldn't even know. He started reading and sunk into the chair. Hannibal would be back in a good few hours so Will would have the time to finish a good few chapters.

XxX

At the hospital

"Dr. Lecter," Frederick called out as he walked into his office.

"Dr. Chilton…" Hannibal said without looking up from his papers.

"How is 5927?" he asked as he pulled a chair and sat facing Hannibal.

"Great. He's been working well and haven't complained a single time," he explained after letting out a sigh.

"God, you are worse than we thought…" Frederick Chilton said as he leaned back.

"I beg your pardon?"

"You keep calling it an *he* and I've been told you gave it a name. Hannibal. That thing is only here to serve us and if you are not going to take this seriously, we will have to find another owner for it."

"He is his own man, Frederick. And he has my initials on him meaning I call the shots here."

"Hannibal you are embarrassing the entire city. I *will* call the council."

"They can't do anything, Frederick, you know that," Hannibal said as he stood up. "Now get out of my office."

“This is not over, Doctor. This game you are playing will be over very soon,” Chilton said as he left the office. Hannibal sat back down and leaned back as he let out yet another sigh.

Who could have possibly heard him call Will by his name? It would have to be someone with access to his property or someone who had manage to spy on them. Why tell Chilton? What happened to wanting to keep Will around? Having him work himself to death would not make him stay or survive. Surely, they knew that. He would have to ask Will to come with him at work to keep an eye on him. Staying alone was probably not a good idea since Frederick wanted him that much. Is that what it was? Was Frederick only jealous and threatening Hannibal with a talk with the city council to make sure he had Will in the end? Unbelievable.

Deciding he would deal with Chilton once his shift was over Hannibal returned his attention back to his papers. They would not take Will away from him.

XxX

Will had read around ten chapters when he placed the book down and stretched his muscles. He gave a small yawn before making his way to the kitchen to grab something to eat. He looked at the time and frowned a bit. Hannibal should be back by now.

“You finished the fence,” Chiyoh said as a hello as she walked inside the kitchen.

“I did. It is alright?” Will asked suddenly feeling self-conscious about his work. Was it good enough?

“It’s acceptable. Good job,” she said.

“Thank you,” Will bowed his head as he said it.

When he raised it again a loud sound echoed through the city. Chiyoh stood up straighter and Will tried not to curl up. What was that? Why was it so loud?

“Intruders… Wait here and don’t go out.”

Will nodded before going back to the office. He felt safer there. Why wasn’t Hannibal back yet? He heard Chiyoh leave and sat in the comfy chair his knees up to his chest. After a few minutes he heard the sound again. He had to guess it was some sort of alarm. Then he heard the door opening a few moments after. Either Hannibal or Chiyoh must have come back. Hoping he would find Hannibal, Will went back to the door to great whoever had arrived. He frowned as he saw a few unfamiliar faces and quickly backed up when he realized what was happening. They grabbed him forcefully and started dragging him. He shouted and screamed but was soon gaged and hit on the head a couple of times so he would shut it.

XxX

“What do you mean you left him here!?” Hannibal said as he ran inside the house. “Will!” He searched everywhere within the house but there was simply no trace of Will. “Chilton…” he whispered before leaving the house and running straight to Frederick’s.

“Open!” he shouted as he knocked.

“5927 is taken care of you don’t need to worry about it anymore,” was the only replied he got.

“Where is he?”

“The council has it.”

“You will pay for this Frederick.”

Hannibal was red with rage as he entered the city’s main building. He made his way to the council’s doors and kicked them open. The sight he saw broke his heart. Will was naked and bleeding on the ground as he clutched his side. He looked up with terror in his eyes as he saw Hannibal make his way inside.

“Will,” he whispered as he knelt next to him. He looked at him quickly and winced as he saw that the council had cut out the skin where the initials were healing. His body was also covered in bruises. “I’ll get you out of here.”

“Hann… hurts,” he whimpered as he couched up blood.

Shaking his head, Hannibal picked up Will in his arms and covered him with his coat before running outside. He looked quickly around and found one of the council’s guard sword on the ground covered in blood. He winced as he looked at it. They had wanted to destroy his precious boy. They would pay for it. Picking up the sword as well, he ran out. Guards were closing in on them, but Hannibal took care of them, they were sliced or stabbed one after the other until he made himself a path. One look at Chiyoh when he reached the doors was enough. In an instant he had put Will inside one of the warmer wagons and had jump on a horse to pull it far away from the city. Remembering another property he had gotten as a gift from his uncle he guided the horse to the location. The only thing on his mind was to get Will to safety so he could stop the bleeding and patch him up. He could only hope Chiyoh had understood his unspoken message.

Fear

Chapter Notes

I went through the first few chapters and fixed a few mistakes I found also had to change a few details that I found wouldn't work with how part 2 is going. It's very little things that are only mentioned once but I just wanted to make sure before I forget about them. I also just finished part 2 today and will be starting part 3 soon.

There is also a trigger warning for this chapter as it insinuates Will's abuse. It's very minimal though. Next chapter will have a bigger trigger warning but I'll explain when we get there.

Hannibal tied the horse and ran to the back to retrieve Will from the wagon. When he lifted him and started carrying him the younger man was already unconscious and it took all of Hannibal's strength to not panic and stay calm. He put Will inside on the table and started searching from any sort of supply. Fortunately, his hunt was successful, and he brought back enough medical supply to make sure Will was safe. He started with the wound on his side and cleaned it very carefully. He then sutured and bandaged it and moved on to the next cuts. He made his way from Will's head to his stomach and stop as he saw more blood. He turned him slightly and promised himself that he would kill every single member of that council. They had used him, and the psychological damage would most probably be irreversible. Hannibal cleaned him the best he could before putting ointment as gently as he could and moving on to bandages his legs and feet. His precious Will was broken, and he felt like he was going to be sick with guilt. Hannibal quickly realized how little he knew of guilt and also realized he hated the feeling.

The doctor carried him to the master bedroom of the smaller house and wrapped him up in soft blankets. He placed a tall glass of water next to the bed and went back to clean the table and the rest of the house while he was at it. Will would be sleeping for a little bit. He then waited for Chiyoh's arrival which happened sooner than expected. She brought in the boxes and placed them on the kitchen counter.

"Did he make it?" she asked as she started unpacking everything from the boxes. Food, essentials, clothes, and everything that could fit from their old house.

"He will," Hannibal said as he grabbed a few items to make diner.

"You care too much about him. You are losing everything you worked for. The city will outcast you if you don't return him."

"Let them," Hannibal whispered firmly, and it made Chiyoh sigh.

“I’ll have to go back, but I’ll be here again the sooner I can. Good luck, Hannibal,” she said before leaving.

“Thank you.”

Hannibal closed his eyes and exhaled before shaking his head slightly and taking another deep breath. He looked at his ingredients and started making something light and simple for when Will would wake again. He tried to remember the names of everyone that worked in the council and circled Frederick’s name in red in his mind. He would be first on the list. The council would come after.

Once the meal finished, he ate his portion and place the second one in a container that stayed on the counter for a little bit before going in the fridge. He rummaged through the boxes to see what he could find and grabbed a book from the bottom. Walking slowly to the room Will was sleeping in, he checked on him quickly before nodding to himself. He then went to the living room and sat down on the couch in front of the fireplace. He wanted to pull a chair and sit beside Will, but the thought of Will waking up screaming because he was close made him want to go back to the city and start the killing already. He paid close attention to any noise in the bedroom and if Will called out to him, he would go. But as of now, he would let the boy wake up on his own.

The doctor closed the book after an hour or so and rubbed his eyes tiredly. He had been reading the same sentence three times now and decided it was time to put the book down. He leaned back on the couch and closed his eyes. Sleeping seemed like such a good idea right now.

“Hannibal…” the softest of voices said almost in a mumble.

Hannibal walked slowly to the bedroom and looked inside.

XxX

Will woke up and couldn’t move. Everything hurt and even thinking of moving hurt. He had woken up from a nightmare but thankfully he hadn’t moved in his sleep. He looked around wondering where everyone was and suddenly remembered Hannibal’s face looking down at him before he had collapsed. Where was he? Will needed to see him. He needed to feel safe again. If Hannibal was there, they couldn’t hurt him anymore. He tried to say his name, but nothing came out. Frustration took over and he tried harder. He managed to mumble a few sounds and found his voice again.

“Hannibal…” he finally managed to call.

The older man arrived at the door with a pained expression in his eyes. He didn’t cross the doorway and Will couldn’t help but look down. He must have looked horrible and disgusting. No wonder Hannibal didn’t want to get close. Looking around he also noticed that he was in another house. Did the doctor brought them here? Will could remember the people talking about how Doctor Lecter wasn’t doing his job right and that Will needed to be taught a lesson on how to behave. That was when they started hurting him. He also remembered them saying something about outcasts or something similar. Will hadn’t been able to understand much.

But from what he had understood, it felt like Hannibal wasn't welcome back to the city and it was all Will's fault. He couldn't see what he did wrong, but he must have done something wrong, and Hannibal probably hated him for it. He had took everything from him and now he had a useless, broken, and scared slave to take care of. Therefore, it truly was no wonder Hannibal wasn't getting closer to him.

Will looked to the side as he felt tears in his eyes. He couldn't cry and look weak he needed to prove he would still be useful.

"Will, I'm so sorry…" he heard the doctor said and sniffed before looking back at him. "Is it okay if I walk closer to you?"

Of course, it was okay what was he talking about? Will did his best to nod. Suddenly, Hannibal was by his side again and he felt safe. Arms circled his body gently and Will closed his eyes as he tried to nuzzle his face into Hannibal's neck.

"You're safe now," the doctor whispered into his ear.

Hannibal pulled away after a moment but sat on the edge of the bed. Will had grown used to Hannibal's looks and had noticed that the man showed more emotions with him then with everyone else. Will had also started getting better at reading him over the weeks they had shared together but right now his expression was unreadable. Will understood that he would need to heal again, and he needed Hannibal to help with that so he couldn't let him leave him. The voice in his head told him once again to prove his usefulness.

"Can you tell me what I did wrong? So, I won't do it again. I promise I'll be good," Will whispered.

"You did absolutely nothing wrong, Will," Hannibal replied firmly.

"Then why did they...?" he mumbled.

"It's what they do… it's vile and cruel for no reason. They did it to scare you into submission, but they will never touch you again. I promise," Hannibal explained with clenched fists.

"Are they going to look for us?"

"I hope so. They'll be easier to kill if they come straight to me…"

"Kill?"

Hannibal took a deep breath. "They will pay for what they did to you. Every single one of them will die. I won't let any of them live."

"Is killing them… necessary?" Will asked, he could feel his body start to shake slightly.

Hannibal was one of them, of course he was a killer why hadn't Will thought about it before? He probably hurt others like *they* hurt him as well. Was he only kind to him so he would be easier to kill when his usefulness would reach an end? Thinking about the first attack, where

did the bodies go? Had Hannibal kill any of them when he had run off? Where were those bodies? Will concentrated on what he knew of the Northerners and frowned. His mother had explained a few things to him, but it couldn't be right. There was no graveyard in the city. Will hadn't seen any. Where did those bodies go?

"Will," Hannibal asked after a while of Will not responding.

Will raised his head to look Hannibal in the eyes. "Where are the bodies?" he asked. "The ones your people kill. What happens with them?"

"You said it before… The stories people told you about us. You already know where the bodies go, Will."

"You… you eat them," he whispered as he stared at Hannibal. The other nodded slowly and Will started breathing heavily. "Did you feed any to me?" Another nod.

"I thought you had realized," Hannibal whispered as he moved slightly away.

"No... I...Maybe I did… I didn't want… I don't want it to be true. I'm not… I don't want to be bad… I'm not a bad person Hannibal. I don't want to be."

Will sunk back into the blankets and pillows as his vision became blurry. He tried to breath normally, but it just didn't work.

"It doesn't make you a bad person, Will. It makes you a survivor."

"Are you going to eat me next? Are you going to hurt me?" Will whispered in between sobs. "Get away from me… please. I don't want to die."

"Will," the other whispered as he tried to hold the younger man in his arms again.

"No please! Please…"

"I'm not going to hurt you, or kill you, or eat you Will. You're safe with me."

"Get away…"

"Okay. Okay. I'll leave the room. I'll be in the other bedroom if you need anything. Just shout out and I'll give you what you need. I'll bring you food and then I'll leave you alone. Is that okay?"

"Is the food people?"

"It's fish."

"Ok…," Will whispered still not looking at him.

Hannibal placed a hand on his shoulder and Will tensed. The hand was quickly taken away and he heard Hannibal walk away. Will was angry with himself. Angry that he had believed anything Hannibal had said to him. Angry that he had trusted the man. Angry that he felt safe

around him. He wasn't safe anywhere. Sooner or later Hannibal would be bored, and he would be next on the menu. And now Will was too weak to do anything about it other than let it happen.

Alone

Chapter Notes

> Trigger Warning for suicide attempt for this chapter! I've marked where the warning starts and stops so if you need to skip it please do.
>
> It is also a shorter chapter. Next chapter will be happier-ish.

Will hid his face into the pillow and didn't try to stop the sobbing from happening. He was too tired to try anymore. He would die soon anyway so why bother trying. He whimpered as he clutched the blankets in his hands as tight as he could. At least the bed was extremely warm and comfortable. He squeezed his eyes shut but images of his family and of his people appeared before him. They were dying as well. One by one. They were all screaming at him, telling him how he had let them down and how he didn't deserve to be warm and comfortable. They were right. The doctor had brought in two plates of food today and Will hadn't eating anything. He wondered how long it would take until death would come pick him up. His side was hurting, his stomach was screaming at him, and his head was aching. Lecter had tried to check his bandages a few times today and Will hadn't let him. He kept moving and had even ripped a stitch from the wound on his side. Good. If he was lucky maybe he would bleed out. Lecter was angry, Will could see it. It didn't matter. He knew the doctor would end him soon anyway. If he continued to be a brat maybe it would happen quicker, and Will would finally be free.

The door opened and the doctor came in with yet another plate of food that would be left cold on the counter. He sat on the side of the bed and waited for Will to look at him. Will didn't want to. It took a long moment, but he realized that Lecter was not moving. He raised his head.

"Please, eat…" the other whispered as he presented the food.

Will hid his face again. He waited but the doctor didn't leave. A knock on the door made him sigh however. He stood up and placed the plate on the counter.

"Just a bite, I'll leave it for you…" his voice sounded weak and sad. It was all just a ruse.

(Trigger Warning Starts Here)

Will looked up once the door had been closed again and stared at the plate. There was a piece of meat and a salad on it. Next to it was a fork and a knife. His heart skipped a beat as an idea jumped into his head. He could have this little bit of control over what was happening if he just reached. It was something his dad had talked about before. Taking your own life. It was like giving up and Will let another tear fall down. He had given up already so how wrong

could this be? It would probably hurt less than what he was already feeling anyway. He just needed to grab the knife. His vision was blurry as he extended his arm and reached for it. He wasn't weak, this was his only way out. There was no future for him anymore. It was either this of wait until Lecter would finish the job. He didn't want to wait anymore. This was his only way out… He pulled the knife closer to him and stared down at it. It was simple… so simple. More tears fell down his cheek as he shakily brought it closer and closer. The blade pressed on his skin, and he whimpered as he pushed. The crimson river that flew from the movement fascinated him as he looked at it. It hurt so bad, but it would be over soon. He repeated the thought over and over again as he stared. He saw his mother as he closed his eyes. She moved closer with tears in her own eyes. She was talking but he couldn't understand. He tried to concentrate on her voice, but it seemed so far away. He tried to read her lips and manage to get a few words. Stop. Fight. Love you. More tears fell down his eyes as he sobbed. She wanted him to fight. She still loved him. He couldn't give up yet. Opening his eyes, he stared at the cut again and shook his head.

"No…" he whimpered. "Stop…"

He pressed his other hand on the wound, but the blood flew through his fingers. It wasn't stopping. The knife dropped on the floor, and he tried to scream but nothing was coming out. It hurt so much.

"I'm sorry… I'm sorry… mom."

It was then that he heard the door open and looked up quickly. The doctor must have saw the terror in his eyes because he rushed to him and kicked the blade before running out of the room.

"Hann… I…"

He came back with his supply and grabbed Will's hands.

"I didn't… mean to… I don't wanna die…. Please… Hannibal," he whimpered through his tears.

Hannibal quickly got to work as he whispered to the crying man next to him. His arm was bandages and he was enveloped in strong arms.

(Trigger Warning Stops Here)

Will hiccups as he hid his face into Hannibal's chest. Everything hurt and he tried not to move. Hannibal slowly caressed his hair and rubbed his back gently. It felt nice. He closed his eyes as he let the other man hold him tightly.

"You are safe now; I can give you something to make the pain go away if you want to?" Hannibal asked in a whisper.

Will nodded and Hannibal reached into his bag. He showed a small bottle to Will and explained what it was. He then took a small pill inside and gave it to him with the glass of water left on the counter. Will swallowed the pill and grimaced at the taste before looking

back up at Hannibal. The older man gave him the smallest of smiles and looked at the forgotten plate of food. Will nodded slowly. He couldn't talk right now. He couldn't trust his voice. Hannibal brought the plate down and grabbed the fork. He grabbed a piece of salad and offered it to Will who took the fork in his good hand and brought it to his mouth. It tasted divine and he couldn't help but feel it was because he was so hungry. With Hannibal's help, he ate the whole plate of food and drank the whole glass of water. The doctor took every utensil with him as he left with the plate and came back not too long after with a chair and a book.

"I'll be right there if you need anything," he explained before Will sunk back into the blankets.

After a moment, Will looked at Hannibal with a soft look in his eyes. "Can you read out loud?"

Hannibal nodded before pulling his chair closer. He put one arm around Will's shoulder and used the other one to keep the book open as he read it from the start again. It didn't take long before Will was closing his eyes and falling into a dreamless sleep.

Fragile Trust

Chapter Notes

This is a shorter chapter as well. We are getting to the end of part 1.

Will woke up and the first thing he saw was Hannibal's sleeping figure next to him in the chair beside his bed. He felt the arm around his shoulder tighten gently and took a moment to look at the older man. He looked down as he moved closer then squeezed his eyes shut. He didn't want to trust the man, but he needed comfort and his embrace was providing it. He felt the doctor moved slightly and tensed up a tiny bit before looking up.

"Hello, Will," he whispered. "How are you feeling?"

The doctor's deep voice was soft and gentle, and Will did his best to avoid his eyes. He was readable in this very instant and Will could only seen worry and fear in the doctor's eyes. It was too much.

"I'm afraid," Will chose to say.

"Do you want me to leave?" Hannibal asked softly.

"No," the other whispered.

"Alright. Do you want me to hold you?"

Will offered a small nob as he looked up. He watched as Hannibal left the chair and moved to sit on the other side of the bed. He laid down and opened his arms so Will could crawl in.

"I'm not going to hurt you, I promise," Hannibal said, and Will chose to trust him.

He moved slowly as to not rip out more stitches and laid his head on Hannibal's chest. The doctor's arms circled around him and caressed his forearm slowly.

"Do you want to talk about it?" Hannibal asked after a moment of silence.

"I don't want to give up yet, but I'm scared," he explained weakly. "I'm scared of you. What you'll do to me."

"I understand that you are thinking that I am exactly like the rest of my people and my desire for vengeance is not helping prove that thought wrong, but I want to try and earn your trust again. I care about you, and I do not want anything bad to happen to you," the doctor replied.

"I don't want to eat or kill people, that's wrong… I want to save them," Will softly said.

“You want to save the people that hurt you?”

“No. Not them. My people. I want to save my people.”

“I’m guessing you mean from the prison?”

“Those in the prison are already there… it’s too late for them. I want to save the ones that will be sent.”

“Then we’ll save them,” Hannibal said firmly.

Will had to look up. “What?” he asked.

“Your people, we will save them. I’ll help you once your wounds have healed. My vengeance will wait.”

“You’re not allowed in the city anymore…”

“Doesn’t matter. Let’s not worry about that yet,” Hannibal said as he rubbed Will’s arm softly.

“How many people did you kill?” Will asked.

“I can not give you a number unfortunately.”

Will nodded before taking a deep breath. “Did you hurt anyone like they did before?”

“No. Never. They had no rights to do that, and they *will* pay for it.”

“But you’re one of them…” Will said confused.

“Are you like your people? Are you exactly like the people from your city or village?” Hannibal asked him.

“No… I’m different,” he replied. “I don’t think like them. Never have.”

“Well, I’m different too.”

“But you kill and eat people…”

“I do,” Hannibal said with a sigh.

“Do they suffer? The people…”

“Usually, no. I make sure they die a quick death when I can.”

“What if they try to hurt me again?” Will asked.

“They can try but they will never succeed ever again. I will protect you with all the strength I have.”

“I don’t trust you…”

“I know. And I can only hope that you will grow to trust me again one day. In the meantime, let me care for you, please.”

Will sighed as he closed his eyes again. “Sleep…” he mumbled.

“For a little bit, then I will need to clean your wounds again. Is that alright?” he asked.

Will only managed to nod before he was asleep again.

XxX

The day after, Hannibal was cleaning the dishes as someone knocked on the door. He looked through the window to try and see who was waiting on the other side. Chiyoh was here yesterday, she shouldn’t be back so soon. He walked to the door and opened it slowly.

“It’s me again,” Chiyoh said as she pushed the door open.

“Weren’t you supposed to stay in the city for a few days?” Hannibal asked as he stepped away to let her in.

“They are planning a search party. They want to find you and him and they will be armed from what I could hear. You need to leave this place. Go somewhere they won’t go,” she explained.

“I was thinking of making my way to the east. This is too quick, however. I need to talk with a few people.”

“Tell me who, I’ll go.”

“There’s a man that my uncle knew. Well, he knew his father, but he lives in a village near the city and if you mention my uncle he should help. Explain the situation, tell him that I need to protect Will at all costs, and I need a place to hide until I can find a suitable home. Do not say where Will comes from. If everything I’ve heard is right, he is a man of justice and should agree,” Hannibal explained.

“What is his name?”

“Jack Crawford.”

Good and Evil

Chapter Notes

> I'm putting a slight warning on this chapter's ending because of the violence. It's only a moment, but it is violent. Also thank you for reading part 1!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Will stood still as Hannibal replaced the bandages. The man's touch was gentle and caring but Will stayed quiet. Hannibal had just explained to him that they were leaving for the east in a few hours and would arrive in one of the small villages close by to the city by the evening the next day. It would not take more than 24 hours and they would have plenty of food and water in the wagon to last them a day or two if something happened. Hannibal had told him that nothing was going to happen and Will desperately wanted to believe him. The east was where the prison was. It was where Will had grow up and had learned everything he knew. He wondered what it would feel like to go back. He knew there was no one there to miss him and no one would remember him, but he couldn't help but wonder. He couldn't lie and say he did not feel slightly excited to go back. That was his original plan after all and if Hannibal wasn't lying maybe, he would get a chance to talk to his people.

"We're going to need to cut your hair sometime. It is getting quite long don't you think? Same thing with your beard," Hannibal said once all the bandages were done.

"I used to just have stubble and shorter hair. I just didn't have access to anything to cut it and when I did, I didn't think about it," Will explained with a shrug.

"Would you let me?"

"Shave me and cut my hair?"

"Yes."

"You can cut my hair first…" Will said looking down.

"Of course," Hannibal replied. "Can I do it now?"

Will took a moment but nodded slowly. He watched as Hannibal brought a chair to the sink in the bathroom and placed his hands on the back of it waiting for Will to sit down. He put a towel on his shoulders and started brushing Will's hair softly. He washed his hair in the sink then pulled out the scissors and looked at Will's worried face.

"We don't have to if you don't feel comfortable," Hannibal whispered as he moved in front so Will could see him.

“I’ll be alright… just do it,” he whispered back.

“Will.”

“I’m putting my trust in you…”

Hannibal nodded before moving back and starting the haircut. It didn’t take long, and Will was surprised at how good it felt. He even found himself closing his eyes and leaning back slightly. When the doctor was satisfied with his work, he turned Will around so he could look at himself in the mirror and smiled as he placed his hands on the younger man’s shoulders. Will gave a slight smile before looking up at Hannibal.

“You can trim my beard if you want to,” he said. His facial hair hadn’t grown that much but it was getting a bit much for his young face. A good trim would do him good.

Hannibal went to get what he needed, and Will took a deep breath as he looked at himself in the mirror. Maybe he could trust the man… he sure as hell wanted to. He wasn’t a good man but, he was good to Will and the younger man was starting to think that was all he needed right now. Just someone caring for him, being there when he needed it. It didn’t seem so bad in the end. Will observed as Hannibal started the trim and tensed when the doctor reached his neck but forced himself to relax. Soon enough, he was looking back in the mirror with a smile.

“I look good,” Will said as he turned his head.

“You sure do.”

The words were spoken so softly Will had to turn to make sure he hadn’t imagined them. He felt his cheek heat up for a moment and looked down the smile never leaving his face.

“How about we eat one last meal here before leaving?” Hannibal asked and Will was glad for the change in subject.

He nodded happily and stood slowly to follow Hannibal. He sat at the table and watched him cook as Hannibal explained everything he was doing. They ate in a comfortable silence. Will pierced a piece of caribou meat with his fork and brought it to his mouth. He closed his eyes as he chewed. Now that he was thinking about it it did taste different from the other kind of meat Hannibal had made him eat before. Will frowned as he remembered the other meals he had eaten. They had been delicious and couldn’t compared to what he was eating right now. Of course, the meal he had in front of him was also delicious and in everyway better than he could ever try to manage but it was different. It didn’t have the unique taste of the other meals he had tasted. For a moment Will scolded himself for missing the other meals repeating to himself that it was human and wrong in so many ways but another part of him wanted to ignore the fact and just miss the flavor for what it was. At the end of the day, it was protein from another sort of animal, wasn’t it? He opened his eyes again and saw Hannibal staring at him. He held his stare for the first time and took a deep breath.

“Are you going to kill again?” Will asked. “Do you miss it?”

Hannibal took another bite before swallowing and placing his utensils on the table. He intertwined his fingers above his plate and looked into Will's eyes. The younger man fought to keep the eye contact.

"Killing is not something I necessarily need. It isn't something I need to do to be happy," he explained. "The feeling the hunt gives and the joy of cooking the meat as a reward will surely be missed, yes. However, I can understand your aversion to it and-"

"I miss the taste," Will cut him off weakly his bottom lip shaking.

"You do?" Hannibal asked.

Will nodded shakily as he tried to calm his breathing. "I shouldn't… it's wrong. It's bad and evil but I…" he exhaled before sitting up straighter. "We are going to the east. This is where the castle is. The prison. And I find myself being… angry. I find myself wanting t-to hurt them. They have caused so much pain to everyone I know. I want them to… I want them to hurt too."

"You want revenge on those who took everything from you. Those who took your name and gave you a number," Hannibal said softly.

Will noticed his eyes changing. They seemed almost darker, but it was impossible to look away. He nodded.

"Is this what you feel for the people that hurt me?" Will asked.

"I would assume so."

"It doesn't feel good… I don't want to feel this way."

"Revenge feels good when it is done, but only for a moment. Most people would not call this worth it."

"It's not fair…" Will said as he finally looked down again. He looked at his shaking hands. "Wanting to hurt them makes me hurt. It burns inside and I can't get rid of the feeling. Why aren't they feeling anything? Why don't they hurt too? They know they are hurting us… how can they enjoy it?"

"They have done it for so long and they think they are doing the right thing. The power one can feel when whoever the one thinks is under them is scared of them can be extremely addictive. You haven't killed yet. You have never felt it."

Will looked up again and held Hannibal's stare.

"Were you scared? The first time you killed?"

"No. However, I thought my hunger for revenge would have been satiated. It wasn't."

"Who did you kill?"

“The one that killed my sister and made me an orphan,” Hannibal replied. “I killed the one responsible for the murders, but it wasn’t enough. I destroyed their spider web. Killed them one after the other. Just like I’ll do for the council.”

“If I follow your logic, I’ll have to kill an entire city.”

“And I hope I will be there to witness it one day,” Hannibal said as he stood up. “It is time. We should go.”

Will nodded before following. Good thing the ride would take a day. He had a lot to think about.

XxX

His imagination was a gift but also a curse, he could put himself in different situations in his own head without any limit. It could help sometimes as he could escape, but right now what he wanted was to feel what it would feel to forget everything about good and bad. To let his feelings, take control and become just like them. A merciless killer. In his head he would be a hero. The one who freed thousands of slaves but for the outside world he would have committed a genocide. Closing his eyes he walked to the prison, strong and fearless. He held the knives tightly in his hands as he walked to the first guard. He saw the surprise in his face and couldn’t help the smile that appeared. The guard was quick, but Will was quicker and soon got the upper hands. No one tried to escape anymore, and those guards weren’t trained that well. They were easy to beat, and they knew it. Will watched as he sliced the throat of the first guard and waited as the life faded from his wide eyes. He felt powerful. Righteous. Will smiled as he moved on to the next. He jumped on the next guard and didn’t even give him time to fight. The man fell to the ground clutching his abdomen. Will was covered in blood, but he had never felt more alive and powerful. His breathing and heartbeat steady he entered the prison and hunted the guards one after the other. The last one laid on the ground at his feet and he couldn’t help but laugh. It was so easy. But Hannibal was right. It wasn’t enough. He needed more. Falling down in his knees he licked his lips before lowering his head to the last guard’s throat. He heard the guard beg which made him smile. He had done this. They were scared of him now and they had every reason to be. He placed his hands on the guard’s face to keep him down and narrowed his eyes. He needed to do it. He just needed to. Quickly he opened his mouth and sank his teeth into the guard’s throat. He felt his teeth pierce the skin and pulled as blood filled his mouth. He spat the chunk out and looked up slowly. His breathing quickened as he saw Hannibal staring at him. The proud look in his eyes made Will smile wide. His teeth were bloody, and he found himself not even caring.

“See?” Hannibal whispered to him.

Will frowned then when he blinked, he was back in the wagon, his hands in fists and his heart racing.

“Oh god…” he mumbled to himself. Disgusted he curled up in a ball and tried his best to forget what had just happened in his head. That wasn’t him. That wouldn’t happen. He wasn’t a killer… It wasn’t supposed to feel this good. He felt tears fill his eyes and shook his head. No… he wouldn’t become like them. He repeated that for a long time until he realized that it

was already too late. He wouldn’t become like them; no, he would be something way worse and there was no stopping it.

He found himself not wanting to stop it either.

Chapter End Notes

Part 2 which is titled : Descend Into Chaos, will be coming out soon. I started part 3 already also.
I absolutely love dark Will omg.

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